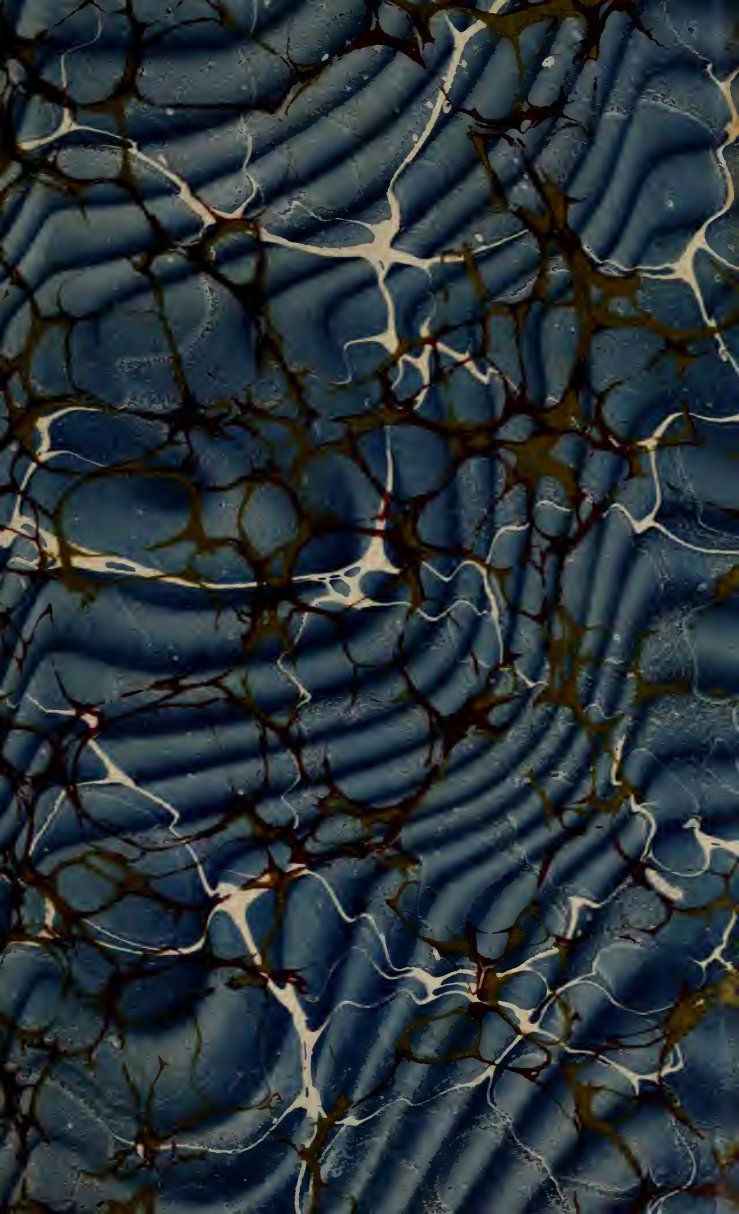




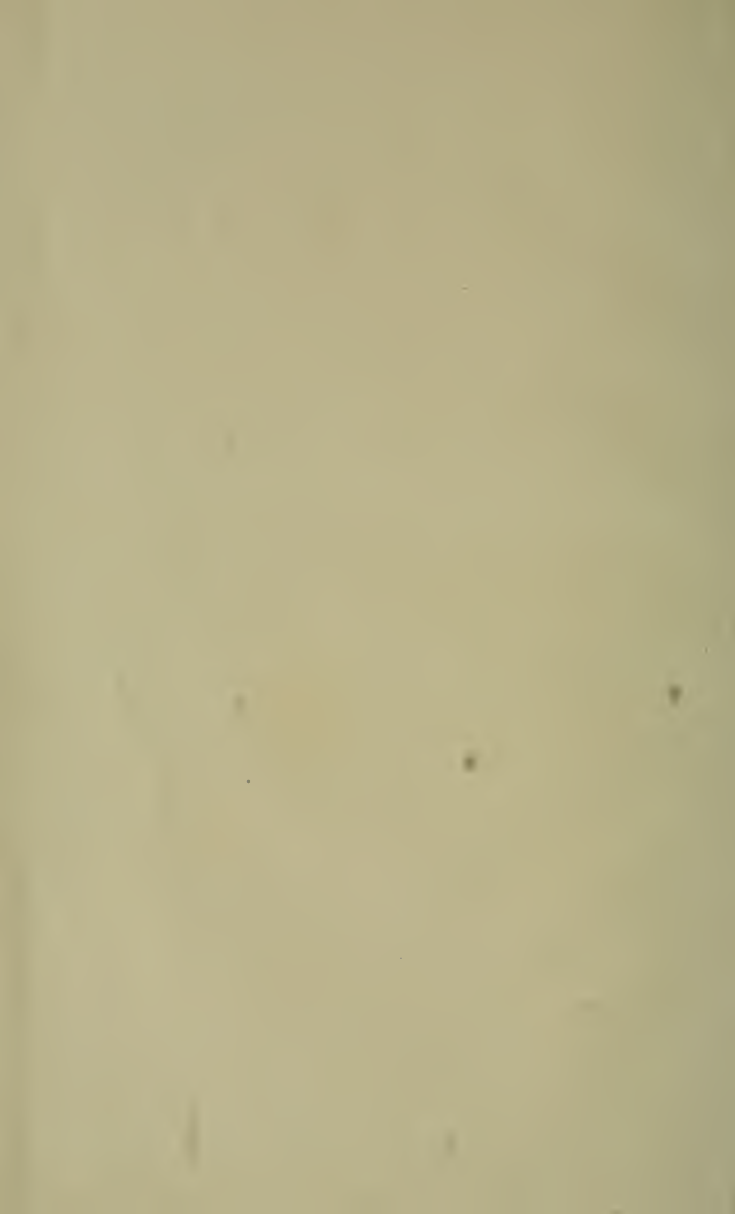
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EDINBURGH,
OR,
THE ANCIENT ROYALTY;
A SKETCH OF
Former Manners :
WITH
NOTES.

BY SIMON GRAY.

[See the British Museum]

PRISCA GENS MORTALIUM.—HOR.

Edinburgh :

Printed for Manners & Miller,

By J. Johnstone, High-Street.

1810.

FORM 501

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DEDICATION.
TO THE
CRAFTSMEN
OF
Edinburgh.

THE following, although a trivial and very imperfect sketch of the almost forgotten manners of the Metropolis of Scotland, must be dedicated with peculiar propriety to you, who are of all men the most interested in her prosperity and splendour, and by whose efforts and skilful exertions, Dun Edin—once confined to her rocky scite—has “spread her white arms,” and shines the unrivalled Queen of the North.

The Craftsmen of Edinburgh, in the worst of times, were conspicuous for their valour and their loyalty. Often have your ancient Kings rested their best hopes on the Craftsmen of Edinburgh; and let it be remembered to their eternal honour, that when a distracted and deluded people suffered daring zealots to trample on their Sovereign, and drag the unfortunate MARY STUART to a dungeon, the Craftsmen of Edinburgh, with generous indignation, meditated her rescue, and were only lulled into forbearance by the deliberate falsehoods of the Rebel Lords.

The rapid progress of refinement in your Capital, must afford heartfelt satisfaction to

every patriotic breast. Your luxury and your dress are lampooned ; but there is surely no essential virtue in slovenly filth or coarse vulgarity ; and a good coat upon a Sunday, it is to be hoped, may cover as good a Christian as the worst that hangs in St. Mary's Wynd. Our churches, our chapels, and our meeting-houses, are as much crowded as in the days even of John Knox. There is probably as much religion, and much more charity amongst us, for there seems to be more cheerfulness and less rancour. In spite of cotton-mills, the frequent topic of severe invective, and the large distilleries, which are much more deserving of it, the population of Scot-

land has encreased, in fifty years, by four hundred thousand souls, nearly one third of its former amount.—The enemies of Commerce deal out their apprehensions, that we must become a degenerate people, from the baneful influence of manufactures; but our Armies, crowned with never-fading laurels on the shores of Egypt, the plains of Maida, and the fields of Spain, have drawn many of their heroes from the looms of Manchester and Glasgow. Although from my pursuits, my prepossessions are in favour of my own class, who, with the lark, attend

‘ The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn ;’

yet a celebrated poet, though verging to the

brink of life, still a most ardent volunteer, strutting with much complacency before his corps of artisans, exclaimed—"These are "the lads! not one *clodhopper* among 'em."

Whether clodhoppers or craftsmen, we can still do our duty; and our gallant Armies, and triumphant Navy, give pretty conclusive proof, that we are not yet quite degenerated.

It ill befits an humble tiller of the ground to presume to obtrude his effusions on your notice. But I think the following sketch may perhaps amuse the aged among you, if they recognise in the picture the scenes of former days; and the younger may perhaps be gratified by the comparison, however faintly these scenes

may be delineated. Old as I am, I trust I shall yet live to hear that you enjoy more comforts, and even more luxury; and that each succeeding hour affords another step in progressive improvement. May the Wealthy crowd your hospitable Town, and may our Country Gentlemen be more and more satisfied with the enjoyments which is afforded by the ancient Metropolis of their native country; and when Winter buries the beauties of the rural scene, may they still seek social mirth in Old Edina, and participate in all the gratifications which learning, taste, and science can bestow.

Your most sincere Wellwisher,

SIMON GRAY.

ADVERTISEMENT.



The following production is one of those elegantly termed Ephemeral, or, vulgarly, a Squib.— While I pen my advertisement, one half of my vegetating work is not yet in existence ; so that, to resume the pyrotechnical metaphor, my match is forming before my firework. Rapidity of composition marks genius : I must emulate, and keep the printer going. I cannot, however, repress my rising apprehensions, that I shall be unable to swell my pages, so as to make a book : for, notwithstanding all my projected notes, I fear

I shall cut but a pitiful figure in print, and be consigned to the pedlar's basket. Yet, as my ambition is not overweening, my disappointment must be correspondent. In the following pages, I shall not attempt to be very moral, nor exceedingly didactic; nor shall I avail myself of the mixed dialects of English and Scotch, which, though they afford so many facilities in measure and in rhyme, are, I am told, not quite legitimate. I shall therefore endeavour to confine myself to that which, till the "Gentle Shepherd" once more awoke the Scottish reed, seemed to be for ever the destined dialect of British Poesy. But while our latter Bards have wooed the Scottish Muse, and even ROBERT BURNS is subject to the criticism, one half of what has

been written, by a slight alteration of vowels, and a few consonants added or subtracted, becomes plain English. Doctor JAMIESON will tell you it is not Scotch; but it is a pleasing melange, which carries to the soul the sweetest sentiments, and we care not how we come by them. For the reasons above stated, good they are and cogent, it is impossible to give much account of what is to follow. I shall not, like some of my brethren, either propitiate or defy the Reviewers, deaf, alas! alike to the praise and abuse of an ephemeron. Vanity itself cannot hope that men of their gravity will stoop to lift a squib, and by an angry although dignified toss prolong its short-lived glory. Hopeless of their proud and favourable testimony, nay, hope-

*less of being reviewed at all, unless I attempt
the task myself, I throw myself with all my
faults on the mercy of the Reader.*

EDINBURGH,

OR,

THE ANCIENT ROYALTY;

A SKETCH.

TOWNSMAN.

YOU'RE welcome, Farmer, to our ancient town!

Here, take a chair, my friend, and sit you down.

You come in lucky hour; our dinner's hot,

And you must také a share of what we've got.

I say again, your welcome to Auld Reekie!—

Here are fresh herrings, and here's cockileekie;

The market's near, and, as you are our guest,
A good beef-stake shall soon supply the rest.

FARMER.

I thank you ; for I know you are sincere,
And freely give your hospitable cheer.
Your fare is excellent—far from the sea,
A bit of fish is luxury to me.

TOWNSMAN.

Luxury ! name not that unhallowed phrase ! *
The very word makes cynic ire to blaze.
Have you not heard how this our hapless city—
Without reserve or common christian pity—

* Note 1.

For very luxury, 'God save the mark !'
 Is to the devil sent and regions dark ;
 Given to the sentence of harsh condemnation,
 For the unheard-of crime of Imitation ?
 Those who have cash, it seems, come here to spend ;
 Folks, as their purses fill, their views extend ;
 And we, the Citizens, in part partaking,
 Are guilty of the sin of merry-making.
 A Poet, in ill humour or in passion,
 Phrenzied by change of Manners and *Town Fashion*,
 Rails at the change, and summons poor Edina
 To mend her ways, with terrible subpœna.

FARMER.

'Twas ever so, in each succeeding age ;
 To rail at present times is still the rage.

The sour and discontented ever growl,
 All former days are fair, all present foul ;
 The rigid, never smiling misanthrope,
 Imbitters present good, and blasts our hope ;
 Prates of Corruption's overwhelming tide,
 And, by invective, gratifies self-pride.
 The times are changed, I own, and so are men ;
 Manners are changed, and still must change again.
 Time was, the Wits of ANNA's golden age, *
 Whose tyrant genius swayed the classic page,
 With magic melody of powerful song
 Awed into native nothingness the throng ;
 Inflated Impotence collaps'd and shrunk,
 Fretted unknown, or in oblivion sunk.

* Note 2.

Few rhymsters then would dare the public view :
 We could write doggrels, but could *burn* them too.
 Now ev'ry bungler courts the public eye ;
 Hotpress'd he shines, and simple fools will buy ; †
 Deck'd in the gaudy trappings of the trade,
 With graphic and with typographic aid,
 Splendid in margin, cuts, and types, and ink,
 In green to flourish, or to blush in pink.

TOWNSMAN.

You talk, my friend, with most surprising skill,
 Whose days are pass'd remote, on dale and hill,
 And seem even liberal sentiments to feel.
 Soon shall we finish this, our good plain meal ;

† Note 3.

Well pleas'd I then shall listen to your tale,
 O'er bumpers, foaming high, of *Giles's* ale.

FARMER.

I'm but a rustic : Far remov'd from harm
 I watch the culture of an ample farm :
 Our neighbouring markets, and the price of grain,
 The choice of stock, the likelihood of rain,
 Ploughs, harrows, sheep and oxen are my care,
 And my red letter day some well known fair.
 To such as me, though wisdom is denied,*
 We oft must chat around a warm fireside.
 Old age is garrulous ; I'm somewhat too,
 When some old story rushes to my view.

* Note 4.

These locks, you see, are gray, and guess, I ween,
 That many a bleaching winter I have seen.
 I studied for the Kirk †, and you must know,
 Dwelt in your city forty years ago.
 I love her yet—nor careless, prythee, deem
 Your country guest to old Édina's theme.
 I feel long slumbering academic fire
 Wake in my veins, and flitting dreams inspire.
 Old as I am, I'll mount on Fancy's wing,
 And, like a dying swan, I'll try to sing*.
 Let me then grasp, though in a feeble hand,
 Like some old necromancer, Fancy's wand.—
 Thus, while I wave it round, all disappears
 That Time and Art have done in fifty years.

† Note 5.

* Note 6.

Hence, every Dome that swells your Adam's fame! *

Hence, every Street that bears some Royal Name!

Fly, as before John Knox, each letter'd Saint,

Fly, ev'ry holy rogue from stone and paint!

To non-existence either Bridge consigned,

Leave not on Fancy's eye a wreck behind.

Ye formal Squares and Parallels, begone!

Hailes and Craigleith, resume your mass of stone!

'Tis done—and, lo! to greet the coming year,

See Barefoot's Parks in vernal pride appear;

Long broken walls inclose a narrow road,

Which leads by Lady Di's retired abode;

The Nor-loch fills, and odours sweet exhales,

And neighbouring tan-pits scent the passing gales.

* Note 7.

Fancy, once more, at thy divine command,
Within the Ancient Royalty I stand.
How the reviving scene my bosom sooths !
In Creech's rear, behold the Lucken-booths !
Beneath the Churches' shadow, in the Craims,
See toys, and gloves, and pattens, for the dames ;
And in mid-street, fit theme for laureate bard,
The proper Castle of the City Guard.
Perch'd on its breech, one cannon it could boast,
Which marked it for a military post.
Oft have I seen one of the gallant band
Beside that very cannon listless stand,
With arms across, upon its mouth recline,
And watch with care, the hour that he might dine ;
While o'er the semi door his comrade hung,
Who, spite of soft Intreaty's witching tongue,

In durance held some rogue, in that black hole
 Which might appal the most courageous soul:
 While, reckless of the bright Lochaber ax,
 The sable *Sootiman* would dust his sacks.

Tier upon tier I see the mansions rise, *
 Whose azure summits mingle with the skies ;
 There, from the earth the labouring porters bear
 The elements of fire and water high in air ;
 There, as you scale the steps, with toilsome tread,
 The dripping barrel madifies your head ;
 Thence, as adown the giddy round you wheel,
 A rising porter greets you with his creel !
 How recollections rush upon my mind,
 Of Lady Stairs's Closs and Blackfords Wynd!

* Note 8.

There lived our Nobles, and here Judges dwelt—
 O that my Muse in sympathy could melt !—
 Here, in these chambers, ever dull and dark,
 The Lady gay received her gayer Spark,
 Who, clad in silken coat, with cautious tread,
 Trembled at opening casements over head ;
 But when in safety at her porch he trod,
 He seiz'd the ring, and rasp'd the twisted rod.*
 “ No idlers then, I trow, were seen to meet,
 Link'd, six a-row, six hours in Princes Street ;”
 But, one by one, they panted up the hill,
 And picked their steps with most uncommon skill ;
 Then, at the Cross, each joined the motly mob—
 “ How are ye Tam? and how's a' wi' ye Bob ?”

* Note 9.

Next to a neighbouring tavern all retir'd,
 And draughts of wine their various thoughts inspir'd.
 O'er draughts of wine the Beau would moan his love;*
 O'er draughts of wine the Cit his bargain drove;
 O'er draughts of wine the Writer pen'd the will;
 And Legal Wisdom counsel'd o'er a *gill*:
White Wine and Marmalade was then the rage,
 It sooth'd the youngster and regal'd the sage.

Ye 'fashioned' youths, who while away the noon,
 And balance, lightly, on a silver spoon
 The trembling fragments of the amber pile—
 Yes! o'er a glass of jelly whilst ye smile,
 Blush for your flimsy and degenerate food!
 With patriot palates seek your Country's good;

* Note 10.

O call the ancient beverage in aid ;

Call Virtue back—White Wine and Marmalade !

Then were the days of comfort and of glee !

When met, to drink a *social cup of tea* :—*

The chequer'd chairs, in seemly circle placed ;

The Indian tray with Indian china graced ;

The red stone Tea-pot with its silver spout ;

The Tea Spoons numbered, ‡ and the tea *fill'd out* !

Rich Whigs and Cookies *smoke* upon the board,

The best that Keir the baxter can afford.

Hapless the wight, who, with a lavish sup,

Empties too soon the Lilliputian cup !

Tho' patience fails, and tho' with thirst he burns,

All, all must wait till the last cup returns.

* Note 11. ‡ Note 12.

That cup returned, now see the hostess ply
 The Tea-pot, measuring with equal eye.
 To all again, at once, she grants the boon,
 Dispensing her gunpowder by platoon.
 They chat of dress (as ladies will) and cards,
 And fifty friends within three hundred yards—
 Or now they listen all, in merry glee,
 While “Nancy Dawson,” “Sandie o’er the lee”
 (Than foreign cadence surely sweeter far,)
 Ring on the jingling spinet or guitar.
 The clogs are ready when the treat is o’er,
 And many a blazing lanthorn leaves the door.

 Then were the days of modesty of mein!
 Stays for the fat, and *quilting* for the lean.*

* Note 13.

The ribbon'd stomacher, in many a plait,

Upheld the chest and dignified the gait ;

Some Venus, brightest planet of the train,

Moved in a lustring *halo* prop'd with cane.

Then the Assembly Closs received the Fair ;

Order and elegance presided there ;

Each gay Right Honourable had her place

To walk a minuet with becoming grace ;

No racing to the dance, with rival hurry—

Such was thy sway, O fam'd *Miss Nicky Murray* ! *

Each Lady's fan a chosen Damon bore,

With care selected many a day before ;

For, unprovided with a favourite beau,

The nymph, chagrined, the ball must needs forgo ;

* Note 14.

But, previous matters to her taste arranged,
Certes the constant couple never changed ;
 Through a long night, to watch fair Delia's will,
 The same dull swain was at her elbow still.

TOWNSMAN.

But, prythee, paint the Parents' anxious aid,
 Which rear'd the honest man and virtuous maid ;
 The cautious nurture of the youthful mind,
 By precepts guided, purified, refined.

FARMER.

Yes! mark the Street, for youth the great resort, *
 Its spacious width the theatre of sport.

* Note 15.

There the young Scavenger and youthful Lord
Pour forth infantine smut in sweet accord ;
To every secret haunt with speed they fly,
Or watch with listening ear the scream, *Hie spie.*
There, midst the crowd, the jingling hoop is driven,
Full many a leg is hit and curse is given ;
For stooping porters, tott'ring under coals,
In Scoto Celtic accents, ' *Tam their souls.*'
There, on the pavement, mystic forms are chalk'd,
Defaced, renewed—delayed, but never balk'd ;
There romping Miss the rounded slate may drop,
And kick it out with persevering hop,
Till her associates in the froward game
Hie to the filthy cellars whence they came.

There, in the dirty current of the *strand*, *
 Boys drop the rival corks with ready hand,
 And, wading through the puddle with slow pace,
 Watch in solicitude the doubtful race!—
 And there, an active band, with frequent boast,
 Vault in succession o'er each wooden post.
 Or a bold stripling, noted for his might,
 Heads the array and rules the mimic fight.
 From hand and sling now fly the whizzing stones,
 Unheeded broken heads and broken bones.
 The rival hosts in close engagement mix,
 Drive and are driven by the dint of sticks.
 The *Bicker* rages, † till some Mother's fears
 Ring a sad story in a Bailie's ears.

* Note 16.

† Note 17.

Her prayer is heard ; the order quick is sped,
And, from that corps which hapless Porteous led,
A brave detachment, probably of two,
Rush, like two kites, upon the warlike crew,
Who, struggling, like the fabled frogs and mice,
Are pounc'd upon, and carried in a trice.
But, mark that motly group, in various garb—
There Vice begins to form her rankling barb,
The germe of Gambling sprouts in *pitch and toss*,
And brawl, successive, tells disputed loss.
From hand to hand the whirling halfpence pass,
And, every *copper* gone, they fly to *brass*.
Those polish'd rounds which decorate the coat,
And brilliant shine upon some youth of note,
Offspring of Birmingham's creative art,
Now from the faithful button-holes depart.

To sudden twitch the rending stitches yield,
 And Enterprise again essays the field.
 So, when a few fleet years of his short span,
 Have ripen'd this dire passion in the Man,
 When thousand after thousand takes it's flight,
 In the short circuit of one wretched night,
 Next shall the honours of the forest fall,
 And ruin desolate the Chieftain's hall ;
 Hill after hill some cunning clerk shall gain, *
 Then, in a Mendicant, behold a THANE !

The spell dissolves, delusion melts away,
 And we awaken to the present day.
 The City grows and spreads on every side,
 In all the honour of masonic pride.

* Note 18.

From narrow lanes, where Pestilence was pent,
Now emigrate the Squire and thriving Gent,
To spacious mansions, elegant or neat,
Where sweeping breezes ventilate each street,
And where expanding, fanciful and free,
The rising City stretches to the Sea.
Blest be the change! May each succeeding day,
Shine on your labours with propitious ray!
Ye busy Craftsmen of my native Town,
Oh that a wish could draw a blessing down!
Then should my feeble untaught hand aspire
To strike an anthem on an humble lyre.

TOWNSMAN.

Your picture seems so true, excuse me, now,
'Tis pity you were distin'd to the plough.

Ah! had you linger'd within Learning's pale,
And scorn'd, unknown, to follow a plough's tail,
Some Monthly Magazine might own your aid,
The reader gratified, the bard well paid.—
The moral's obvious: Though ages pass,
Still Folly's visage meets us in the glass;
Tho' she may change her with the changing moon,
With all the varied skill of a buffoon,
To every age Fate gives its proper measure,
To blind the sage, and lead the man of pleasure.
'Tis vain to be fastidious and too nice;
Folly, while only folly, free from vice,
May vex the Puritan's sepulchral soul,
But still must form a *Part* of one great *Whole*.

NOTES.

NOTE 1. PAGE 14.

“ *Luxury ! name not that unhallowed phrase.*”

In a late anonymous publication, the author, in what he considers *satyrical* verses, attacks the luxurious habits of the present generation of ‘*fashioned* youth.’ It is fair to confess, that, decoyed by the title page, we skim’d the pages ; and though we may give credit to the author’s sincerity and good intentions, it is hardly necessary to say, that we are less inclined to admire either his taste, genius, or judgement. Instead of frequent *potluck* enjoyments, it seems folks, now-a-days, regale their friends with a feast, which, if as seldom attempted as the author paints, cannot induce bankruptcy. The dress of the inhabitants is certainly very much improved ; and, excepting now and then some foppish shopman, there seems no absurd extravagance amongst the trades people of Edinburgh.

NOTE 2. PAGE 16.

“ *Time was, the wits of Anna's golden age.*”

The author seems here to be a little infected with the disposition to cant against the moderns. It is far from our inclination to decry the exertions of those who contribute to the innocent amusement of mankind. There is surely, however, too copious a discharge of sonnets, ballads, and light poetry, at once frivolous and injurious, in as much as they tend to deprave the public taste. The answer is obvious: The public is the best judge of what can please and what deserves to be admired—be it so.—Nothing is left for the discomfited critic but a shrug of regret.

NOTE 3. PAGE 17.

“ *Hotpress'd he shines, and simple fools will buy.*”

Is it fit subject for censure, that the typographic art has attained such general perfection? Certainly not. But is it unreasonable to expect that a work should stand the test of public opinion before so much ornament is lavished upon it? It affords encouragement to the artist, indeed, who labours often

to *illustrate* works, not easily illustrated otherwise; and volumes may be preserved and valued for the *cuts*. Besides, as libraries are become part of the tasteful decoration of a house, none but handsome books are in request. A young man of fashion, who had become suddenly a book collector—of those only indeed cloathed in Russia or Morocco—was accosted at a sale by a disappointed scholar, whose purse could not maintain the contest, “What, sir, are you become a collector?” “Yes” replied the other, “to be sure;—don’t you know that I have a library “sixty feet long?”

NOTE 4. PAGE 18.

“*To such as me, though wisdom is denied.*”

In proof of the inability of us poor farmers for sapient disquisition, let us listen to the wisdom of the Son of Sirach: “How can he get wisdom that holdeth
 “the plough, and that glorieth in the goad, that
 “driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labours, and
 “whose talk is of bullocks? He giveth his mind to
 “make furrows, and is diligent to give the kine

“ fodder.”—*Ecclesiasticus, chap. xxxviii. v. 25. 26.*—
Intelligence, however, is spreading amongst us, and
larger farms admit of our exerting our minds as well
as our bodies.

NOTE 5. PAGE 19.

“ *I studied for the Kirk,*” &c.

This accounts for the smattering of versification
which the Author has retained, and for his skill in
alluding to the severe sentence in the Wisdom of the
Son of Sirach.

NOTE 6. PAGE 19.

“ *And, like a dying swan, I'll try to sing.*”

The song of a dying swan is so seldom heard, that
the similitude is not likely to be roughly questioned.
If not quite as musical, the Author may render this
song correct in another point, by making it his last.

NOTE 7. PAGE 20.

“ *Hence, every dome that swells your Adam's fame.*”

The celebrated architect; but who in his plans for
the city, has not befriended the glazier quite so much
as modern taste requires.

“Tier upon tier I see the mansions rise.”

The inconvenience of the lofty mansions of ancient Edinburgh is severely felt by the inhabitants, who, as they approach the clouds, are heavily taxed for the transport of the necessaries of life which are drawn from the lower world. And it is not to be marvelled at, that lazy menials should have availed themselves of the facility of an open window, when opposed to the laborious duty of descending and reascending some hundreds of steps, to deposite on the pavement those incumbrances which were sure to reach their destination by the shorter process. Our neighbours of the South may spare their grins ; for this part of the science of projectiles was once as much practised in famous London town—a fact upon record. At the same time, it is most deeply to be regretted, that the abominable system of common stairs has been allowed to contaminate the Extended Royalty. While the protection of the ramparts was indispensable, it was pardonable to heap house upon house to accommodate the encreasing population within their limits ;

but it is to be hoped that we shall see no more of these nuisances created in our days.

NOTE 9. PAGE 23.

“ He seized the ring, and rasp'd the twisted rod.”

This mode of demanding admittance we believe to be peculiar to Edinburgh, and exists at this moment on many a door within the Ancient Royalty. The boasted tattoo of a London footman is nothing, when compared with this concentrated series of rapid and minute pulsations.

NOTE 10. PAGE 24.

“ O'er draughts of wine,” &c.

See Arnot's History of Edinburgh, where this custom is particularly mentioned, but is said entirely to have ceased before the year 1770. The white wine and marmalade appointments had indeed fallen into disuse, but it was certainly still common to transact buisness at a tavern, where a bottle of wine was friend and arbitrator.

“When met, to drink a social cup of tea.”

This old custom is more to be regretted in its demise, than perhaps any other that can be mentioned. It was an easy mean of bringing together many pleasant people, without much previous preparation, and without formality. When fifty friends lived within three hundred yards of each other, they were soon invited, and as easily collected. It was the sole recompense for crowded population and common stairs. The Tea Parties were those chiefly in which the Ladies partook. There was, indeed, occasionally a supper; but that was a matter of no light consideration. The men flew to the Tavern for social intercourse, for luxury, and for debauchery. Clubs without number were instituted, and most faithfully attended. Some of them have even survived to this day. The Tea Parties, as they then existed, were the resort of all who wished for elegant and cordial intercourse.

NOTE 12. PAGE 25.

“ *The spoons all number'd,*” &c.

This precaution of numbering the spoons, enabled the attentive hostess to return to each guest the cup that had already kiss'd the lip, a gratification to squeamish fancies which cannot be hoped for now-a-days, when the slop is conducted behind the curtain.

NOTE 13. PAGE 26.

“ *Stays for the fat, and quilting for the lean.*”

A note upon female dress is a daring attempt. But in sober seriousness, does any rational man harbour for a moment the wish to send back the persons of our lovely women to be tortured, by laborious and athletic lacing, into an unnatural and preposterous tenuity? We hear much of *modern* nakedness; but look at the portraits of the grandmothers of the present generation—there the exemplary Dames have very demurely exhibited, as the Painter's model, more, I presume, than even the boldest and most *dashing* of the present day venture to offer to the transient gaze. The transition from spacious hoops and quilting, to what are fancifully termed invisible

petticoats, is a violent change indeed. But which is the most becoming the human form, and which the most deserving topic for ridicule and admonitory satyr? The snowy garments, which float upon the breeze, are a happy contrast to the *dark prints* on which our thrifty Matrons used to lavish the pleasing encomium, “*that they kept so long clean.*”

NOTE 14. PAGE 27.

“*Such was thy sway, O fam'd Miss Nicky Murray!*”

Of this renowned Mistress of the Ceremonies, what avails it to tell the present generation, although their grandmothers cannot have forgot her, and those among them that were handsome, doubtless remember with complacency the preference she gave to a *Beauty*, without forgetting the rules of titled precedence.

NOTE 15. PAGE 28.

“*Yes! mark the Street,*” &c.

The Author certainly does not mean to slander the paternal care of your Progenitors, but merely endeavours to shew that there *was* neglect, as there still *is*

neglect, in those who forgot and who do forget their duty. The company of the idle and profligate of the lowest class must have proved injurious to those of a better station ; for what constitutes the Gentleman but the utter estrangement from every mean idea ? The low born man who attains that, towers above the grovelling Lord who forgets his station and himself, and is so welcomed in society. That such association was permitted, the recollection of numbers must bear testimony. All were not lost, but many sunk. From the present habits of society, this evil is much amended ; and it is no longer a boast to be a black-guard.

NOTE 17, PAGE 20.

“ *The Bicker rages,*” &c.

In this barbarous amusement, in which lives were sometimes lost, there was much to reprobate, and something to admire. It was almost Spartan, but every thing Spartan, although it might form the soldier, stifled every valuable sentiment but proud resistance.

NOTE 13, PAGE 32.

“*Hill after hill some cunning Clerk,*” &c.

That prudence and successful application should have their reward, is both reasonable and desirable; but it is marvellous to see how large a portion of the landed property devolves upon one class of our citizens. It is said that an *old Laird* thus expressed himself, in an agony of apprehension and chagrine:—

“A’ our auld neighbours are awa! If I look east
 “ or west, *there’s a Vriter*—If I look north or south,
 “ there’s a Vriter. Guid faith, I’ll mak’ our Jock
 “ a Vriter; no that the poor silly lad will mak’
 “ muckle o’t, but it will aiblins help to *ha’d the laive*
 “ *aff him.*”

NOTE 16. PAGE 30.

“*There, in the dirty current,*” &c.

We cannot help remarking the almost instinctive love for the Course, which has ever existed in Scotland, although the excessive decorum of our Reformation, which banished all amusements, checked even the panting inclination for the sports of the field. Our neighbours of the South owe the *vice* of horse

racing, and the attendant merit of breeding the noblest of the noblest of animals, to us of Caledonia. Gambling is not an essential in the Course, though men may stake their money on that as they may upon any other event. There is no doubt, however, that the love of the Course has long been depressed and decried in Scotland, although our poets and preachers avail themselves of the simile with unabated ardour. The author of a late publication, called "Town Fashions," with our native love for sport, but with that ignorance which its disuse has brought amongst us, gives the following specimen of his skill in Horsemanship :—

" Why dwell on Fashions? Who can stay their course?
 " Think you to check them as you would your horse?
 " Pull as you will, in spite of curb and *whip*,
 " The *jades* will on, and take their five bar leap.

In proof of the antiquity of Horse-racing amongst us, I subjoin two advertisements, taken from the *Mercurius Caledonius*, a journal published in Edinburgh in the year 1661.

‘ March 22d, 1661.

‘ The horse race of Lanerk, institute by King Wil-
 ‘ liam above 600 years since, but obstructed these 23
 ‘ years by the iniquity of the times, is now restored
 ‘ by Sir John Wilkie of Fouldon, as being loath so
 ‘ ancient a foundation should perish, and for that
 ‘ effect he hath given *gratis* a piece of plate of the
 ‘ accustomed value, with a silver bell and saddle to
 ‘ the second and third horse. It is to be run the third
 ‘ Tuesday of May.’

‘ March 8th, 1661.

‘ The famous Horse Course of Couper in Fife, which
 ‘ by the iniquity of the times hath been so long bu-
 ‘ ried, to the great dissatisfaction of our Nobility and
 ‘ Gentry, is to be run, conform to the institution,
 ‘ upon the second Tuesday of April. There is a con-
 ‘ siderable number of horses to carry on the work of
 ‘ the day; among others, a Waywood of Polonia hath
 ‘ a Tartarian horse. This noble Gentleman was
 ‘ pleased to come to this Nation, to congratulate our
 ‘ happy Restauration; and, it is to be desired that
 ‘ such curious Gallants as comes from Forreign Na-

' tions, to see the Course, that they do not, as others
' formerly did, sleep in the time of the solemnity.'



